

## The Evening World

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## THE LAST OF THE SKYSCRAPERS?

"Possibly the last of these edifices," said the Mayor, when he laid the cornerstone of the new Equitable Building. Who would have predicted ten years ago that we should so soon find ourselves calmly admitting that the skyscraper is "has been." When Mayor Mitchell recently signed a bill which gives the Board of Estimate power to restrict the heights of buildings in New York City did anybody hear loud protests from real estate or other interests?

Yet everybody can remember when every new forty-story building hereabouts tickled the pride of the town and was eagerly acclaimed as something to open the eyes of visitors and signalize the superlativeness of New York.

Having made good our utmost boasts in steel and stucco, we begin to suspect that we have gone far enough. We find towering structures cut off light and air and depress neighboring values. Nor do huge buildings rent as they used to. From a financial point of view the skyscraper has ceased to be an alluring investment.

As for their value as marvels, it is plain that many soon spoil the impressiveness of the few. We are at last ready to believe that other great capitals of the world have no skyscrapers it is not because they couldn't have them but because they didn't want them. It dawns upon us that the secret of municipal grandeur may after all be restraint and uniform development, rather than inordinate aspiration in spots.

Limiting the height of buildings and defining the business character of various sections of the city might have sounded to the New York of a decade ago like a startling proposition. Yet the very fact that to-day it startles nobody is an excellent sign that the city is big enough to take the lessons of experience and build them into its future greatness.

The California State Railroad Commission has discovered that the Pullman Company only tips its porters. The public is expected to supply their wages.

## PARIS IS WAITING.

PARIS is a fine town with perennial attractions, reliable bankers and nice weather when it doesn't rain. The Riviera is an easy eighteen-hour journey in winter. In summer there are comfortable trains to Dinard and Deauville. We don't know any nicer spot on earth for people who are not wanted at home and who are lucky enough to have savings. Deposed kings and deteriorated dukes have for years supplied it with the highest testimonials. Politically embarrassed gentlemen making hasty getaways from South and Central America have found it all they could desire.

The report that Huerta has sent his private fortune to Paris is, of course, only a report. But we hope for his own sake it is true. From the moment Mr. Huerta starts on his private travels his destination is of no special concern to us save that we should derive a certain historic relish from seeing him hit the familiar trail of Blanco, Barrios, Diaz and Castro. From what we know of Paris and what we have heard of Huerta we believe that neither could do the other much harm, and that the sooner they get together the better. Our advice to Huerta is: "Do it now—there's a reason."

The hunger strike has struck New York—under lit's auspices.

## THE SAME OLD DODGER.

POPULAR service, progress, improvement are terms as unknown to the Yellow Taxicab Company to-day as they were a year ago when The Evening World was bringing to a victorious finish its long fight for a new taxicab ordinance. The public will readily attest the truth of charges made yesterday by this newspaper.

The Yellow Taxicab Company has refused to conform with the ordinance. It exacts higher rates than the ordinance permits. It operates outside the law. Yet it steals business at public stands. It means to enjoy privileges under the ordinance it refuses to obey.

The Yellow Taxicab Company loudly proclaims the high standard of its cabs. As a matter of fact its cabs are not as good as hundreds of those which operate at the lower legal rates. Nor does it make an effort to improve them. The smaller taxicab proprietors are far more eager to attract the public by adding to the convenience and comfort of their cabs.

We can illustrate the difference. The Evening World long urged the adoption of a small shutter in the front glass behind the chauffeur's head which allows the occupant of the cab to talk with the driver without the inconvenience of lowering a window or the risk of opening the door.

The licensed taxicabs hastened to adopt the suggestion, until now, among the legal fare taxis, the cab with no shutter is an exception. The high priced and exclusive Yellow cabs have not yet seen fit to make even this simple and inexpensive improvement for the benefit of their patrons.

The Yellow Taxicab Company clings to the only policy it has ever known—the policy of private privilege and extortion. It has never yet grasped the first principles of public service.

May 1, 1898, Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila.

## Letters From the People

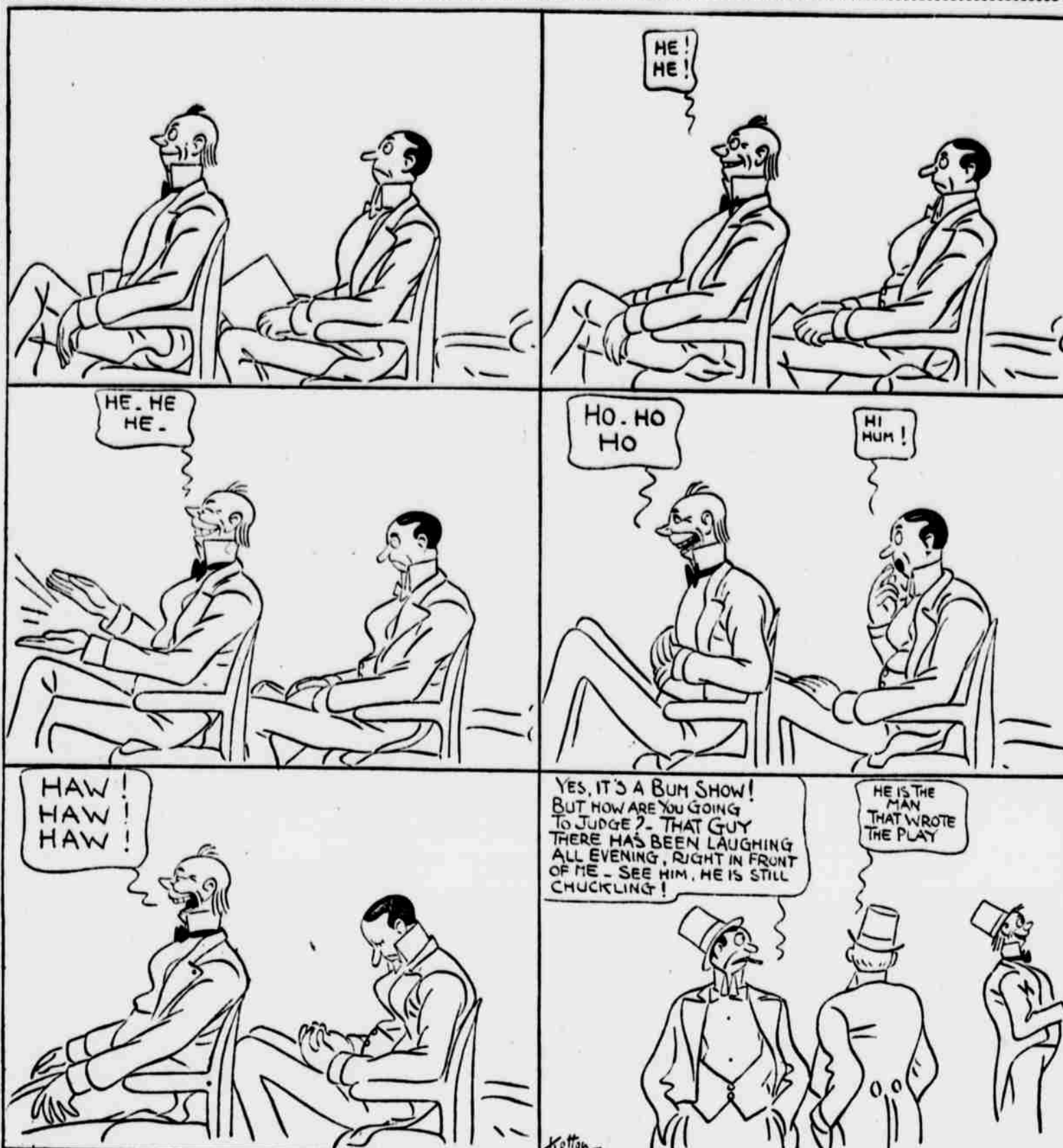
The Minimum Club.  
By the Editor of The Evening World:  
I read a letter entitled "Make the Most of It." I was greatly pleased to find that there was another member of the Minimum Club in our midst. The letter was from an entirely unacquainted body whose object is to

reduce sorrow and sin to the minimum point. I suppose, without some wrong, we would have no knowledge of the full blessings of righteousness, as it is only by comparison that our deductions are reached. The letter all the way through was instructive and helpful.

## A Bum Show

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

By Maurice Ketten



## Straight From The Shoulder

Success Talks to Young Men. Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

Forethought.

FORETHOUGHT realizes a mistake, but forethought frequently prevents one. Haphazard methods, trusting to "blind luck," or, as it is sometimes called, "going at a thing hit or miss," may in a few isolated cases "happen" to knock a home run—but they don't boost the batting average; and they're painfully apt to result in "strike-outs."

After a mistake has been made, wishing won't rectify it. Lost ground usually is hard to regain. It's easier to save it from being lost.

Forethought provides against possible emergencies. It anticipates difficulties and has "the way out" ready. It draws the plan before it builds the house. It estimates the cost of labor and materials.

It calculates the supporting strength of the bridge and the load strain it will be required to bear before the bridge is constructed. And it supplies the young man who is facing the things out of which a "successful career" is built with working data—plans, specifications and "know how" notes which enable him to go ahead intelligently and effectively.

If I'd only thought, is one of the saddest obituary speeches a young man can make over the remains of a dead hope. It is said, not only because it points to some heart-breaking failure but because it tells the story of "what might have been."

Eliminate the possibility of that portentous "if" now by the employment of forethought. Then, if you fail, you need only say, "Well, I did my best." Or, if you win—why, the full credit is yours!

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

Providence also protects the women who use their mouths for the purpose for which pinpricks are provided.

A man may drink nothing stronger than grape juice and still be an inferior person.—Albany Journal.

Here betwixt the open season for pines and ants in the pie.—Commercial Appeal.

Some men's idea of getting close to nature is to lie around on the river bank and wait for the fish to bite.—Toledo Blade.

A man who would sell his conscience has no conscience to sell.—Deseret Evening News.

Modern fashions of women are not to be taken seriously—they are extremely figurative.—Columbia State.

At irregular intervals many persons nurture the idea that all things can be made by law as they like them.

A silent man's reward is that he gets credit for knowing much that he will not tell.—Albany Journal.

## Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy

(By Famous Authors)

NO. 5.—HOW TO LIVE WELL ON NOTHING A YEAR.

By Thackeray.

SUPPOSE there is no man in this Vanity Fair of ours so little observant as not to think sometimes about the worldly affairs of his acquaintances; or so extremely charitable as not to wonder how his neighbor Jones or his neighbor Smith can make both ends meet at the end of the year.

With the utmost regard for the family, for instance (for I dine with them twice or thrice in the season), I cannot but own that the appearance of the Jenkinsons in the Park, in the large barouche with the grenadier footmen, will surprise and mystify me to my dying day; for though I know the equipment is only jobbed, and all the Jenkinsons people are on board wages, yet those three men and the carriage must represent an expense of six hundred a year at the very least—and then there are the splendid dinners, the two boys at Eton, the prize governors and masters for the girls, the trip abroad—who, I say, with the most good-natured feelings in the world, can help wondering how the Jenkinsons make out matters?

What is Jenkins? We all know—Commissioner of the Taps and Sealing Wax Office, with £1,200 a year for salary. Had his wife a private fortune? Pooh!—Miss Flint—one of eleven children of a small squire in Buckinghamshire. How does Jenkins balance his income? I say, as every friend of his must say, how is it that he has not been outlawed long since; and that he ever came back last year from Boniforne?

Many a glass of wine have we all of us drunk, I have very little doubt, hob-nobbing it with the hospitable giver, and wondering how the deuce he paid for it.

Some three or four years after his stay in Paris, when Rawdon Crawley and his wife were established in a very small comfortable house in Curzon street, Mayfair, there was scarcely one of the numerous friends whom they entertained at dinner that did not ask the above questions regarding them.

"My son," I would say (were I blessed with a child), "you may, by deep inquiry and constant intercourse with him, learn how a man lives comfortably on nothing a year. But it is best not to be intimate with gentlemen of this profession, and to take the calculations at second hand, as you do logarithms. For, to work them yourself, depend upon it, will cost you something considerable."

If every person is to be banished from society who runs into debt and cannot pay—if we are to be peering into everybody's private life, speculating upon their means and cutting them if we don't approve of their expenditures—why, what a howling wilderness and intolerable dwelling Vanity Fair would be! Every man's hand would be against his neighbor in this case, my dear sir, and the benefits of civilization would be done away with.

We should be quarreling, abusing, avoiding one another. Our houses would become caverns, and we should go in rage because we cared for nobody. Rents would go down. Parties wouldn't be given any more—all the tradesmen of the city would be bankrupt. All the delights of life, I say, would go to the deuce, if people did but act upon this silly principle and avoid those whom they dislike and abuse.

Whereas, by a little charity and mutual forbearance, things are made to go on pleasantly enough. We may abuse a man as much as we like and call him the greatest rascal unhanged—but do we wish to hang him therefore? No! We shake hands when we meet. If his cook is good we forgive him and go and dine with him, and we expect he will do the same by us.

Thus trade flourishes, civilization advances, peace is kept.

## Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

May and December.

A MARRIAGE between persons somewhere near the same age is apt to be happier than a union in which either of the contracting parties is considerably the senior of the other.

I do not mean that there is never a happy marriage between a man of forty and a girl of twenty; only, in the majority of cases, there is greater congeniality between persons in the same period of growth than between maturity and extreme youth. And sometimes

it, a similarity in likes and dislikes, is one of the most important factors in making marriage happy.

Unless you are very sure you are making no mistake, do not marry a man or a woman a great deal older than yourself.

How to Be Reconciled.  
"H. H." writes: "I am in love with a young man, but recently we had a quarrel. It was my fault. How can I regain his friendship?"

Tell him frankly that you were wrong. He will probably be willing to meet you half way.

A. S. writes: "I am in love with a young man who at times appears to care for me and at other times acts coolly. How can I win his love?"

Be your pleasant, natural self when you are in the young man's company, but don't appear too eager for his society. I can advise nothing else.

A. B. writes: "If a widow be again engaged to be married, does

## A "Zero-World" Of Liquid Air

(Odd Science Experiments.)

LIQUID AIR gives us a wholly new set of conditions—a new world for scientific experiments—known to some scientists as "the zero world."

This is indeed a strange world, where rubber breaks like glass, where mercury is used as a hammer, and where even a cup of clear water-like liquid turns out to be nothing but air.

Here, what we call "natural" is quite overthrown. Our observations, experience and judgments have no longer the least application.

Explorations in this zero world have not merely yielded us liquid air as a toy of science, but have given us a wonderful force which to-day is being made available for use in commercial life.

To illustrate what a remarkable energy is latent in liquid air, let us put a tiny portion of this most unnatural liquid in the cylinder of a steam engine.

Though no fuel is burnt, and though the entire engine were encased in an iceberg, it would take but a few moments for the liquid air to absorb from its icy surroundings enough heat to release it from its liquid state. The power generated when liquid air returns to its natural gaseous state is incredibly great.

Without the heat of costly fuel (such as water requires before it can be utilized)—this little amount of liquid liquid supplies us with a tremendous force. Since we find such anomalies as steam engines using ice as a fuel instead of costly coal, we need not be surprised to hear that by inserting a jet of ignited hydrogen in liquid air Prof. Dewar accomplished the impossible—a flame burning with a liquid, and having snow for smoke!

Science has only begun to explore this north pole of the physicist's world. What it has yet to find and in what wonderful way it will apply its discoveries to the affairs of life are questions for the future to decide.

she, upon receiving a ring, remove both her wedding and former engagement rings? Who announces a widow's engagement?

The first question must be decided according to personal taste. As for the second query, a widow would naturally announce her engagement herself.

"H. B." writes: "I have been paying attention to a young lady for six months and intend to make her my wife when the proper time comes. Would it be proper for me to put my arm around her waist or kiss her while we are walking in the park?"

You should reserve your caresses for a less public place.

"C. S." writes: "A beta B that when a young man is escorting two young ladies he should walk in the center. B beta A that he should walk on the outside. Which is correct?"

B is correct.

## The Story of Our First War With Mexico

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 7.—THE MARCH TOWARD THE CAPITAL.

LAST, by Aug. 7, 1847, all was ready for the march from Puebla to the City of Mexico. The belated reinforcements and supplies had come up. And Gen. Scott, with 10,738 men was preparing to strike at the capital of a nation of 7,000,000 inhabitants.

After the quarrel between Scott and Trist another and decidedly queer delay had put off the army's advance. Scott received word from Santa Ana that the war could be comfortably and satisfactorily ended by the payment of one million ten thousand dollars.

One million dollars was to be paid secretly to Santa Ana. And ten thousand was to go to the Mexican Congress as bribe money. Scott and Trist, according to documents of the time, were perfectly willing to put this plan through—although later the story caused some indignation in Washington. But at the critical point the bribery plot collapsed—allegedly because Santa Ana found himself unable to "deliver the goods." In other words, he could not "swing" the Mexican Congress at the price quoted. So the advance on the capital was ordered.

Scott cut himself off from his base of supplies (as had his hero, Cortez, the first conqueror of Mexico), and gave up any attempt to keep a perfect line of defense between himself and the coast. On Aug. 7 his army set out, following practically the same road as had Cortez's little band of Spanish adventurers 32 years earlier.

Santa Ana had taken advantage of the long wait to collect, equip and drill an army about 30,000 strong.

After the weary months of waiting—a period of idleness broken only by a few skirmishes with Mexican guerrillas in the mountains—the American troops were wild with enthusiasm at the prospect of action. As the four divisions of the army stood under arms and the first division prepared to lead the march Gen. Scott rode to the front of his columns.

Six feet four inches tall, broad in proportion, florid of face, white-haired and clad in showy dress uniform, the old General was an imposing figure. Haunting, he waved his hat three times above his head. Says Semmes, an eye-witness:

"His white locks gave him the appearance of some inspired old patriarch as he cried: 'Now, lads, give them a Cerro Gordo shout!'"

The whole army cheered, the regimental bands played and the air was full of waving flags. Then the bugle sounded for the march.

Felled trees and ditches blocked the road. But the army at first met almost no human obstacles. And on the third day's march, Scott looked down from the summit of the pass into the enormous basin known as "The Valley of Mexico."

In that "basin" beyond miles of green forest and waving grain—beyond the 10,000 foot snow mountain, Iztaccihuatl, and surrounded by swamps and lakes—stood the City of Mexico, the goal of the Americans' journey.

There had been ample time to defend the threatened capital. Not only were its surrounding ramparts a mighty natural defense; but there were strong fortifications skirting it.

On the high road leading directly northward to the city, were two forts:—One at the bridge and convent of Churubusco; the other at the hacienda of San Antonio. To the west of the city the heights of Chapultepec bristled with batteries and were crowned by the famed old palace fort. The hills around Guadalupe were also fortified.

To reach the capital was no easy task and the assailants, less than 11,000 strong, must first conquer an entrenched army of nearly three times their number.

Scott, on the crest of the pass, sat on his horse, giving orders for the advance. Around him were grouped his staff. Among the members of that staff were Capt. Robert E. Lee and Lieut. George B. McClellan and Beauregard—men who were one day to win world-repute.

One of his brigadier-generals was a New England politician, who, the preceding November, had enlisted as a private and who had already been boosted to a brigadiership. A general named Franklin Pierce—soon to be President of the United States.

His plans perfected, Scott ordered an advance. And the little American army boldly invaded the Valley of Mexico.

On Aug. 19, the invading army performed a feat almost unknown in the history of warfare. It fought three battles in a single day.

## Mary Ann, the Militant

By Eugene Geary.

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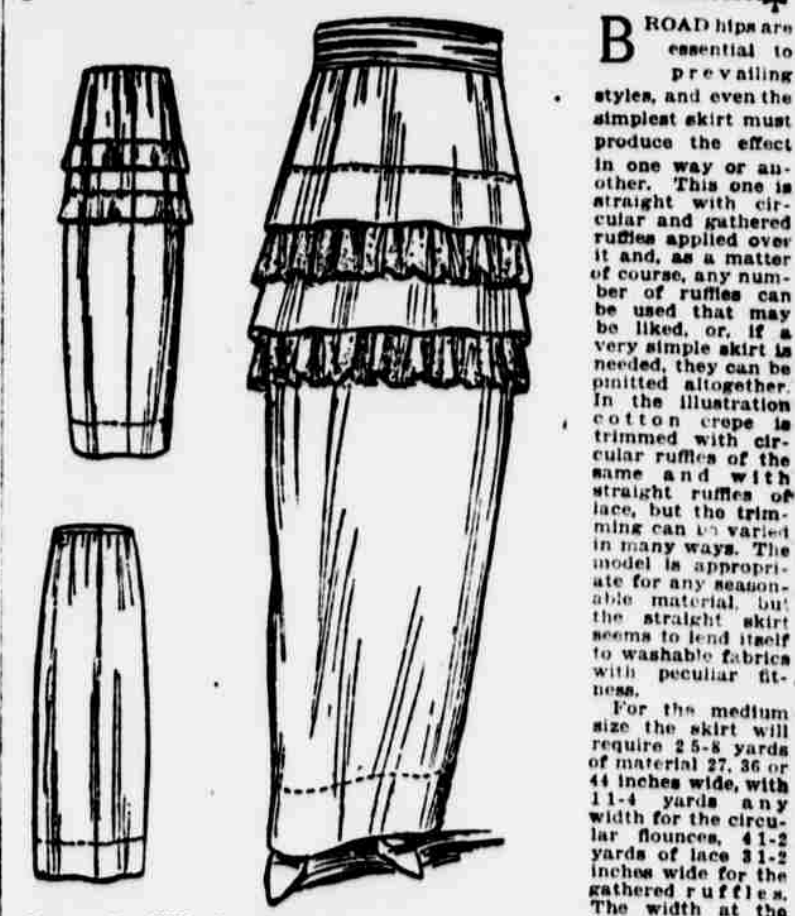
THERE'S a terrible commotion in O'Flaherty's Frinch flats. In wild rumors fly'n' thro' the air As thick as an' thick as bats. The women in disarray 'n' Wild vigor every day.

'Tis a subject for debate at night In Cassidy's caddy. Well the news is simply awful An' they tell it wild regrets, That Mary Ann McManus wint An' jined the Suffragettes!

Her husband Dan—oh! he stays home And minds the childer small. He's sick a patient man, he says He doesn't mind at all. A can of Flanagan's mixed als He always keeps close by.

Last week to Albany she wint An' bowdly took the fure. But not till after she'd smashed The lad who keeps the dure. Next week she lades a fightin' band For women's liberty. An' they'll storm the nation's capital At Washington, D. C. Ooh! the world's gone topsy-turvy. An' the devil spreads his nets Since Mary Ann McManus wint An' jined the Suffragettes!

## The May Manton Fashions



Pattern No. 8239—One Piece Skirt, 22 to 32 Waist.

Pattern No. 8239 is cut in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure.

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